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### JANET'S FORTUNE.

The old Manor House at W brook, stood out grim and against the clear wintry day. long narrow windows and closed en doors looked stern and forbi as if the proud spirit of the would frown back all outsiders. leafless branches of the elme and mouned over the fallen for of the owner of the Manor, and very wind itself seemed to mournfully as it soughed round

In the picture gallery old por looked grimly at each other in dim light, and seemed to shake the heads and murmur: "Has it come

In the bare chambers fluttering threads of tapestry and heavy velvet moth-eaten furniture was all that was left of the former grandeur of the house, and the ghosts of the anevery dark corner.

In a large, shabbily-furnished room before a bright wood fire, sat a young girl. The flickering light fell upon her small oval face, with its surrounding halo of golden hair, and played lovingly about the white hands and slender figure. She sat in a huge old armchair, her cheek resting upon one hand, and her

She seemed out of place in that dark, somber room, from the walls of which armed knights and beruffed white-bearded courtiers looked down upon her from out their heavy frames as if in wonder at her dainty One square (one inch) one week, .... \$1 00 fully in the wide chimney, but Janet ed. Hither her father often came at Warden was buried in her own night, candle in hand, to gaze on stand. thoughts, and was not to be disturb- those who had gone before him, ed from them. Surely they were drawing aside the veil that covered pleasant ones, for a smile played up- the face of his illstarred brother cheek every now and then, as she The portraits on the walls looked

ly. Then, with a light step, she left One old painting in particular of for his head leant against the back with the lovers. of the chair and his eyes were closed!" "Father!"

Warden raised his head.

drove me home."

low seat to her father's side, and Janet, I saw you-and then-then

Janet? Very kind of him-wasn't seem no fairer, your heart no purer, it? He's a fine fellow-I always in my sight. Will you not, can you liked him."

held, and Mr. Warden spoke again: weight in gold would not enhance ed as you should be."

"Oh, yes, father, dear. You know, the Nortons, I can always afford to "And I belive what you say, indeed look like a lady."

"Father, dear, she said, in a low

thing to tell you."

ble of any kind." And Mr. Warden looked graver. "Oh, no, father. Mr. Wood"-and

-oh, father-to be his wife." Janet hid her face on the broad morning to hear." hand clasped in hers, and there was

silence in the dark room. At last Mr. Warden laid his other face grew graver. hand upon his daughter's drooping was your answer, Janet?"

and Janet burst into tears. Again Mr. Warden stroked the

saps her tears prevented her-then reckless way in which my greatshe raised her arms and threw them gradfather spent his money, the Leigh," said Janet, without answer-

NIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1881.

Oh, no, I'm sure you will not say so." difficulties.

Have you told him this?"

"Oh father, he knows-every one troubles came.

Then he said, slowly:

night, my dear-good-night."

and fell to sleep on her pillows, the on the floor in the hall. image of life, youth and hope, in the grandeur.

danced, casting strange shadows up standing where the sunlight fell upon the walls; the wind sighed mourn- on them, were Janet and her betroth-

sat there gazing into the leaping down upon them as if scandalized at flames. At last, however, she rous- what they saw, for Henry was standed herself, and rising from her chair, ing with his arm round fanet's waist, stood for a few minutes irresolutely, and the girl had raised her fair facher hands clasping each other tight to the handsome one above her.

the room, and crossing the cold dark Sir George Warden, Janet's great hall paused before a door. Opening grandfather, seemed to frown darkly it she entered a room smaller than at the audacious couple who dare to that which she had left, and darker, intrude upon the privacy of himself for the wood fire burnt low, and and his companions thus-while on there was no lamp on the table, the other side of the gallery a fair which was strewn with books and young girl, in laced bodice and powdpapers. In an armchair before the ered hair, seemed by the sweet smile fire sat a man who seemed to be asleep upon her painful face to sympathize

"My dearest Janet," said Mr. Wood, "I really cannot permit you to talk The eyes slowly opened, and Mr. like this. Long before I knew you "An hour ago, father-Mr. Wood existed between my grandfather and your mother, and I have seen her There was a little hesitancy about lament over the change brought the last speech, and Janet drew a about the Warden family. But, taking his left hand, caressed it soft- you know what happened. I vow, Janet, if you were worth thirty thou-"So Mr. Wood drove you home, sand dollars a year, your face would not, believe me when I repeat I love Janet still caressed the hand she you for yourself, and that your "I hope, my dear, you went dress- your value in my opininon, what-

ever it may in other people's?" "It is so good, so kind of you to if I do not dress like the Greys and say so, Henry!" said Janet, tearfully. I do; but-but my father is so griev-Mr. Warden nodded his head ed when he thinks he has to give er's only good and filial child." gravely, and Janet pressed her lips you a portionless wife that it makes

me grieve, too." "Then grieve no more, my darling: voice that trembled, "I have some for if you do, I will-what shall I threaten you with? Ab, I know. "To tell me, Janet? Let me hear I'll run away with you, and then had lost all good luck, and she could it, dear. I hope you are in no trou- you shall have no grand wedding as not live in it to see its ruin." my mother insists upon."

Janet laughed.

Henry Wood drew her toward the

so-so troubled, that I-I said Yes," it. Are you vexed at my question with the powdered hair and laced ing?"

"Oh, Henry, no! But it is so sad smile." Again Mr. Warden stroked the lrooping head, and said, quietly:

-so very sad! However, I will tell so pretty!"

So pretty!"

"And—and do you love him, Janet?"

you as well as I can. Listen, then. "And pray what are you?" was the

estate became involved, and when ing him. "She died very young, I "Oh-so much, father-so very his eldest son came to be master of believe." very much -very much! Is it wrong? the manor he found himself in great "And who is this ferocious old gen-

"My dear," said Mr. Warden, "It "However, he worked well and very grim painting in a suit of ar-is not wrong, for it must have come hard stiffing himself to give his mor with drawn sword in hand. He to this at last; and I would rather it children a good education and pay off looks savage enough to swallow the should be Henry Wood than any the mortgages, so that, at last, the whole lot of his relations, Janet." the must know that you are penniless. estate was free. But all this time "Doesn't he? That's Sir Marmamuch as it is now, and then fresh cious as he looks, I believe. Nurse

met's features brightened through away to be married-she died a marry a gentleman for whose family tears "that he does not care for long time ago, I know, for her hus Sir Marmaduke had a great hatred, money—that he is glad I have band treated her very cruelly. Well, this gentleman persuaded Syot any, and—and he's coming to Then Uncle George was very wild, bil Warden to run away with him. and spent a great deal of money. As she was descending from the win-Mr. Warden smiled gravely and till at last grandpa said he should dow of her room by a ladder, her patted Janet's white hand as she have no more; and then for some father was in the west parlor and placed it caressingly on his shoulder. years poor grandmama's mind had heard her lover's voice. He rushed become weaker and weaker with all out with his pistols, and, oh, Henry! "Coming to see me, is he? Well, these troubles; she could not bear in a fury he raised his arm and fired. dear, I must talk about it to him. them so well as grandpap. Well, cient owners seemed to linger in Now you must go to bed—it must be one night when they were all sitting late, and I want to think. Good- in the oak parlor (my father was abroad, you know), Uncle George Janet pressed her lips to her fath- came in quite suddenly-for he had er's wrinkled forehead with more been in London-and whispered to tenderness than usual. She, who grandmamma. She was more fond was accustomed to his quiet, studious of him than any of the others, you manner, knew that he had been know, and so no one was surprised shaken by what she had told him, when she got up and went out with and that he wished to be alone, so him. But everybody was horrified a she crept away to her chamber, flit- few minutes afterward to hear a gray eyes fixed upon the bright ting through the dark passages and dreadful scream, and rushing out echoing galleries like some fair spirit, they found grandmamma insensible

"Uncle George seemed half mad, midst of decaying age and forgotten for he dissappeared from the house in the midsts of all the confusion. They took gradmamma to her room; but, though she recovered from the presence. The flames flickered and riage, and in the old picture-gallery, and they were obliged to watch her day and night. She talked incessantly of her George, and ruin and duels. and said things no one could under-

One night her nurse fell asleep, and, awakening in the middle of the night, found her patient gone. She rushed out of the room and found grandmamma at the bottom of the oak staircase in a k ind of swoon .-She was taken back to her bed, but sha never spoke again, and died two days afterward. Curiously enough, on looking for her dressing-case some

days afterward, my grandfather could not find it. Search was made everywhere, but in vain. My father said it was a great pity, for it contained most valuable jewels given to grandmamma by her mother and grand-

"Well, all these troubles broke grandpapa's heart, and he died. My father then married mamma-who, you know, was as poor as he wasand I was born. But things never prospered with him. He lost, lostor had seen your face I had heard of died he gave up struggling. Poor always lost-and when mamma "Ah, Janet! When did you come Whitebrook Manor and its master father!" said Janet, her eyes filling home, dear?" he said, looking fondly and mistress. My mother has often with tears. "I fancy mamma's death at the blooming face bent over him. told me of the friendship that had broke his heart, Henry. He shut himself up then, and has been what you see him, kind and loving to me, but always determined to shun the world, you and your mother being the only visitors he has ever received.'

Henry Wood kissed his betrothed tenderly. "It is a very sad story, my love-I see it all now. But we will banish it. Stay, though-what became of the scapegrace, George?"

"He shot himself two months after grandmamma's death-he never came to the manor afterward-and I fancy it must have been grief and remorse that made him put an end to his life. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Dreadful indeed! Your father seems to have been your grandfath-

"Yes-he and Aunt Alice, who died eight or nine years ago. She never married, you know-but she would not live with us. She said that she was sure the Manor House

"Ha!" said Henry, rising from his seat and shaking his head. "Janet, "Oh, Henry, as if I cared for that! dear, you have quite given me the Janet's face grew crimson in the But what was it you wished me tell horrors! Now, for a change, let us flickering firelight-"he asked-me you last night? You said before you take a walk around the gallery, and went away you would come this you shall tell whose are all these venerable portraits."

They sauntered slowly along, Janet broad window-seat near them, and his pointing out each ancestor as they passed the portraits, her lover mak-"Janet, dear I want you to tell me ing his comments upon it.

"Janet, I can trace a likeness in his fortune as he did, and how your this face to yours," he said, as they bodice. "You have her eyes and

"She is my great-aunt, Lady

NO. 7.

tleman?" asked Henry, looking at a

Grantly used to tell me a dreadful es, that we are poor, and that I "My Uncle Marmaduke died of story about him. His only daughter save nothing. But he says"-and consumption, and Aunt Jane ran was very beautiful, and she wished to Sybil received the shot in her side."

"Old wretch!" exclaimed Henry Wood, indignantly. "If I had been" Sybil's lover I would have---'

And, without completing the sentence, the young man struck the hilt of the heavy, silver-mounted whip he had in his hand upon the armed breast of the knight.

The blow was scarcely struck when' the picture swayed, Henry having barely time to spring aside and drag Janet with him as it fell, with a frightful crash, amid dense clouds of

clung to his arm. "What a noise and smother!" Pah! I am half choked. My dear Janet, don't tremble so. There is no harm done." "Oh, Henry! Look!" cried Janet, as

the cloud of dust gradually cleared

away. "There is a door behind the

picture! What can it be?" There was, indeed, a small door, with an old-fashioned handle, which had been completely concealed by

Henry sprang forward and endeavored to open it. "Janet, this is the entrance to some"

door sticks? Ha! at last." open, and they both peered eagerly into a low, dark passage.

"I will go and explore," said Henry. "Do not come, Janet, lest you-"Oh, I must come, too, Henry. Do' Who could resist her pretty plead-

heads, Heny going first, with Janet holding his hand. Suddenly he stumbled; and stoop-

ing down, cried:

ing lest they should strike their

"Here's a box, or something, Janet," et us go back to the light and se what it is." Back they went, and found that

handsome, and was locked. "By Jove!" cried Henry, excitedly, this is an adventure. I must break

The lid sprang open, and Janet uttered a cry.

poor grandmamma's lost dressing-Old-fashioned bracelets, heavy gold chains, gold-jeweled diamond car-

said: "Henry, this is a fortune; these

ewels must be valuable." "Yes," replied Henry Wood. "I think your father had better know of our discovery. On the whole, I fancy that blow of mine did some good to the old knight. At all events he returned good for evil by falling at our feet in that kind manner, and re-

Janet flew away to her father's study, and, having greatly disturbed him by a very incoherrent tale, dragged the bewildered Mr. Warden off to the old gallery.

"There, father, dear!" she cried, as he stood gazing in amazement at the ewelry scattered on the floor. "We

Mr. Warden smiled faintly. "Not mine, my dear. These jewels

would all have been yours, I expect, and your mother's before you. How came they there?"

may have hidden them?" said Janet. "Ah, well, yes; I expect she did:

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head, and said, huskily; "And what how your gradfather managed to lose "Oh, father-I was so surprised- father has never been able to retrieve stood opposite the fair young girl

drooping head, and said, quietly: Janet did not answer at once-per- You know for years, owing to the retort.

"Heavens?" cried Mr. Wood, as the echoes died away, and Janet still

the fallen portrait.

secret passage, no doubt. How the · With a vigorous tug he pulled it

ng face? Certainly not Henry; so the two entered the passage, stoop-

the box was evidently an old desk or a dressing-case; it had been once very

the lock, Janet." He raised his heavy whip, and with one blow shattered the lock .-

"Oh, Henry! Henry! this must be rings and brooches lay before tho astonished eyes of the lovers, and Ja-

net half-laughed, half-cried, as she

vealing to us such hidden treasures.'

have found your fortune."

"Don't you think grandmamma

[Concluded on Fourth page.]